

Annals of Capitalism, Chapter 1,000,027

/Man I don't know why I didn't get me a website before this. You can fuck people triple-raw all over this great land.

//My son showed it to me. Lying in a thousand colors.

/Let's not get too realistic. We also deliver a service. Expensive, but a service nonetheless.

//Uh huh. And how are you planning to give it to me?

/Well, you're the only mover on my list down there and...

//Hey! last guy was pain in the ass. College Professor. And he had a shitload of stuff! Paintings and rocks he called sculpture. I told him eleven hundred gas surcharge. He said what? To go seven blocks? I said do I come into your classroom and tell you how to teach?

/Hey! I like that. Try to do that to a plumber and he'd drop a rusty water heater on your head.

//Professor got nothing but talk! He paid up.

/Bingo! In Sucker's Hall of Fame, those guys get a golden room. Anyway, this job is pretty small. 3 thou flat for you. That's as high as I can go. But they got antiques, so 2 thou for special handing on your end, plus the gas. You should end up with 6 thousand.

//What you end up with?

/That's a little secret. You wanna get your own web site?

//I guess I'll probably take the job. Tell me more.

/Just a bungalow, move fifteen miles to new condo overlooking dump. Old lady and pansy son. Get on his good side and you can put it up his ass literally.

//We leave the fancy fucking to city people.

/By the way, you represent Certified Estimate Movers now. They prepaid, and not a penny more! Guaranteed! Until you refuse to unload, of course.

/The professor says he's gonna write a letter.

//Let him. Usually a bluff. But if some official comes to see me, I send him away happy.

//Boy! You're a big crook! I'm just a little...

/Never forget that, and money will fall from the skies.

//A miracle! Thank you Jesus!

/Ain't it? Makes me feel like warm pee all over!